NO FOOL, TO THE OLD FOOL:

HEark ye my Masters; —— for one half quarter of an hour now, let's be as *Wise* as *Woodcocks*; and talk a little *Treason*. Why should not *we* thrive in the world as well as our *Neighbours?* had not *other* people *Heads*, and *Souls* to lose as well as *we?* If men will be *Damn'd*, they had better Damn *Rich* than *Poor*: —— as *Bradshaw*; and th' *Attorney General* Damn'd; and as they Damn at *Westminster*; —— as *Bishop Arthur* does *Intend* to *Damn*: and there's another Fellow —— what d' ye call him? —— Pish —— I'm the worst at names —— he had a *writing office*, I remember; —— *he that sold a Parcel of Prisoners to a Scrivener*: —— he *served* a *Lawyer* once, and afterwards a *Brewer*, *Both of a name* —— That fellow, will *Damn, Damn'dly Rich*. His *Master* too, is in a fair way to th' Devil. I could name you a Hundred of these thriving Lads, whom; though the honest world despises; —— believe me, —— *Two or three hundred-Thousand pound, is a Convenient Plaster for a Broken Head*; there's something to bear *Charges* yet. There's *Power* and *Plenty*. —— They *cousen*, whom they please: —— *Hang*, and *Draw*, at *will*; — they keep their *Lacquies*, and their *Whores*: and *at the last, they go to Hell in Triumph*. They have their *Blacks*, and *Elegies, and leave the State to pay the Draper, and the Poet. Twould make a man bepisse himself, to see the soft, and tender-hearted Needham, weeping* (like *Niobe*, till he turn's t'a *stone*) *over the Tomb of Bradshaw*, —— *to see him cry with one eye, and Laugh with th' other, and yet, the Tragicomical puppy, keeps his Countenance*. The *Teares* of such a *Saint*, cannot but *Fall, like drops of Lambeth-Ale, upon the Tongue of Dives*, —— how great a Consolation was it (think ye) to the *late Protector*, to find himself *placed at the Right hand of God?* by *Sterry* (that *Blasphemous, bold Phanatique*) of whose Condition, *Charity* it self can scarce admit a *comfortable thought*. For, after a long Course, of *Treason, Murther, Sacrilege, Perjury, Rapine*, &c. *he finish'd his accursed Life*, in *Agony*, and *Fury*; *and without any mark of true Repentance*. You'll say he was the *Braver Villain* for't. —— Crimes of this large Extent, have indeed something that's Masculine to allay them. But to be *Damn'd for Sneaking, To purchase Hell at the price of all that's pleasant here*: —— to contract *sin*, and *Beggery*, in the same *act* and *Moment*; This is the most *Impudent*, and *Ridiculous* wickedness that may be. He that *Indents* with the *Devil*, has a merry Bargain, compar'd with us; *There's Time, and Pleasure. Here, the Vengeance treads upon the Heels of the offence*; and the *Punishment* of our Misdoings, is the necessary and next immediate *effect* of them. —— In *Paying Taxes*, to an *Usurped Power*, There, a *Defection* from the *Right*, and a *Complyance* with the *Wrong*, renders us Doubly Criminal — and in this Case, we doe but buy our *Chaynes*, and the very next effect of our *Disobedience*, is *Slavery*. It comes all to a Point, *in what concerns subjection to unlawfull Powers*. Under a Force, —— is a *Brutish Argument*. *Vice is the Obliquity of the Will: That's Free*. The *same Plea* lies in the Case of *Martyrdom*: and *by the same Rule we may renounce our Maker*.

If *wicked*, we're resolv'd to be, —— Let's go a nobler way to work —— let's get a matter of *Half a dozen crafty Knaves* together; take in some *thirty or forty five Rascals* into the Gang, and call our selves a *Parliament*. Why Gentlemen? this is no impossible thing. *Our Trade is as good* — *Ideots*, that na done the same thing before us, but then be sure of the Proportion. *Seven parts of eight must have neither Wit* nor *Honesty*: yet *doe look as wise as Judges, and in the middle of their Pater-nosters pick their neighbours pockets*. These are to be directed by the *Rooks*, and by them both, the *Nation*, which would be *over-stock'd* with *Cheats*, were any more admitted into the *Grand Conspiracy against the people*, To *Personal* abuses, the rest are likewise *qualified*. They may *imprison when, where*, and *whom* they please, without cause shewed, their *Will* is a sufficient *warrant* for the *well-affected*. In Fine, they *are the Peoples voice, and that's the voice of Heaven*.

Why now should we *despair* of the *same events*, from the *same means*, considering, what a *drowsie Patient*, and *phlegmatick People* we have to deal with? Shall's *Fool* a little? Let us vote down *Magna Charta, and the Petition of Right!* -- *Settle a Preaching Militia, and a fighting Ministry?* ---out with our *whinyards*, and off with the *names*, instead of the *Heads* of the *Kings Tryers*; as Okey *did upon the Change*. *Take away* Monk's *Commission*; *Petition the Souldiery to petition us, to declare our selves perpetual*; --- *Bind up the* Nation under *Limitation* for the next *Session*, and exclude all but our own party from the *Choice*. No matter for the *Law* or *Conscience* of the business --- ARTICLES OF SURRENDER; *and Publick ACTS of INDEMNITY*, amount to nothing.---- *OATHS*, and *COVENANTS, are but occasional Submissons to conveniency*: not binding any man, that in the very act of *taking* them, resolves to *break* them. Let things come to the worst; when we have *overturned* the *Government*; —— *Polluted* the very *altar*, with our *MASTERS BLOOD*—— *Cheated* the *Publique*, &c.—It is but to *whine*, and snivel to the *People*; tell them we were *misled*, by *Carnal Appetites*; -- cloath all our *Rogueryes*, in *Scripture-Phrase* —— *Humble our selves before the Lord*; (**but not a Syllable concerning Restitution**) and they'll forgive us; Nay, perhaps, *Trust* us too: Think us their *Friends for doing* them *no more* than *All the Harm we could*. —— 'Tis a good natu'rd sort of *Beast*,--the *Common-people*, if it be *Pleased*; and 'tis the *Easiest* thing in Nature, for *Fools* and *Knaves* to *Please* it. They have not been gull'd half long enough yet, — what will you say now, to a **New Parliament** *made of an* **Old one**? as *There's no Fool, to the Old one*, so there's no *Knave* to the *Old one*.

What do ye think of your *Episcopal Cole-marchant* Sir *Artur*, for *Durham:* and let *him* bring in his *Fellow-Labourer* Sir *Harry Vane* for *Newcastle*? In the City of *London*, you cannot choose amiss, provided, that *Ireton* or *Titchburn*, be *One*; and that he chuse his *Fellows*. —— For *Kent*, no man like Sir *Michael Livesy*, (a *Knave*, a *Fool*, and a *Coward*.) —— For *Norfolk*, let *Miles Corbet* be one, and if the *House* does not like him, let 'um recommend him to the *Red Bull*, for he personates a *Fool* or a *Devil*, without the *charge* either of a *Habit* or a *Vizor*. If the Nation be so *charitably* disposed, as to erect an *Hospital* in favour of the *Lame*, the *Rotten*, and the *Blind*, let 'um take in *Limping Luke Robinson*; *Rheumatique Mounson* (this poor Gentlemen has the *mourning of the Chine*;) *Bobtayl'd Scot*; and the *Blinking Cobler*. —— But why do I pretend to direct in *particular*? —— Among the *Kings Tryers*; *Excise men, Sequestratours, Close Committee-men, Major-Generals, Buyers and Sellers of Crown, and Church-lands*, &c. —— *they may wink and chuse*. Alas, they're all *converted*. *I'm sure he's Right*, cryes one; he Told me so. *Dull Sotts* that we are! let us be *Right* our *Selves*; and then, what need we care who's *wrong*? I'll put a *Case* to you: suppose, upon the *Dissolution* of this *Session, six or seven thousand of the Phanatique Souldiery, that knows, a Settlement destroys their Trade*; *should Try a Blow for't* yet; and by the help of some of their **Confederates, yet in appearance of Authority**, *should put a Force upon the Honest Party*: ('Tis but to *suppose*, what many of that *Gang* are bold enough in *Publique* to *declare*) I have a Phansy you'll *look on* still, and betake your selves to your *Old senseless Plea*, —— **They have the Power**. —— Which, if you do —— No no; you cannot be so *tame*, and *witlesse*. Be *carefull* whom you *Trust*, either in your *Militia*, or *Counsels*; Chuse Persons of *Estates* **Honestly gotten; Such, whom the Law preserves, will preserve the Law**.

Whereas, *If you chuse such as have an Interest of their Own, that th'warts the Publique*; *you're very Charitable, to Believe that those very People, who all this while, have cheated you to benefit themselves, should, at the last, adventure all to preserve you*.

Look before you leap *THO. SCOT.*

March 16. 1659.

FINIS.